

16
DEDICATION
ESSAYS
ON
WOMAN.
A POEM.
Wanton K.

By J. W. SENATOR. *John Wilkes*
With NOTES, by the Bishop of Glo-*r.*



Dux Fæmina Faëti.

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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DEDICATION

To the FAIR SEX.

LADIES,

ADORABLE, and quintessential part of the creation, whether ye rise charming from the kind collision of POTTERS CLAY, derived from consecrated ground; or of any other more than porcelain earth; disdain not to countenance this duteous homage to you; it is the homage of one who ever boasted himself to rank among the foremost of your heroes militant, ever alert to push intrepidly forwards, and make himself absolute master of the covered way; of one who has never flinched from a fair challenge, but gloried to meet a generous assailant *frontibus adversis*, face to face; of one who, from his earliest infancy, ever detested the remotest hints of any *Back-shot* collusion, altho' so industriously propagated abroad, to prejudice the publick against him, by informers of every rank and denomination, designedly to divert its attention from the prime cause, the cause of Liberty, and of each free-born subject; which, it is to be hoped, the true patriot spirit of our constitution will inviolably maintain, till the dregs of *Stuartism* and *Scotch* influence shall be no more; a period devoutly to be wished for by all *English* and *Irish* Whigs, the only true and undoubted friends of the Hanoverian succession.

B

But,

But, Ladies, should a confederacy of Malice, Rancour, and every sinister stratagem, prevail at last, and exhibit another persecuted OVID with his *de tristibus*, it is ardently wished that ye dear creatures will not suffer yourselves to be hurried away by idle and declamatory stuff, the delirious ravings of a would-be-enthusiast; all priestly froth, and the meer cant of Hypocrisy. Let it be an invariable maxim with ye Fair-ones, to take nothing upon hearsay, but to insist upon the matter of fact being produced, and then, upon due exhibition, pronounce its merit.

Unwilling to trespass any longer on your precious time, although, were strength equal to inclination, I should never be tired of properly addressing you; wherefore I humbly supplicate, that you will kindly take the Affairs of an injured votary in hand, and so administer comfort to him in the hour of affliction. His chief ambition is to be raised by your favour; because, even to be humbled by you, can reflect no dishonour, on all *conformists*, all *orthodox* practitioners.

I am, and ever shall be while life is worth enjoying, with most sincere devotion,

Angelical Beings----

Your constant admirer,

And, *toties quoties*,----

Your steadfastly adhering Zealot,

J. W-----

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENTS prefixed to poems, or other works, are like prologues to plays, and calculated To give the reader some previous information of what is called the subject matter. Now the subject matter of the following Poem is a very interesting one, if any thing in this our sublunary world can be thought to deserve the epithet of interesting. Interesting, by the way, is a word of very cogent and insinuating origin; its etymology is derived from two Latin words, the one *inter* (between) a preposition, governing an Accusative case, that is, which hath a tail annexed to it; the other, *est*, the third person of the verb *sum* in the Present tense, and singular number; now *est* emphatically signifies *he is*, and *inter*, between.

There can be no between, without the real existence, or supposition, of two bodies, or existences, for a third to be hitched in, and coalesce with them into an unity of continuation. Should this explanation appear obscure to any of our readers, we refer them to the reverend and sagacious KIDGELL, aided with the second sight of the *Scotch* printer of the *Ledger*.

Mac-faden once; but now [dock'd] *Faden* call'd---
The former, before the Scotch rebellion in the year 45;
the latter, since.

DESIGN.

WHEN a man has no other but an honest design to pursue, he does not care who knows it; and therefore it is, that, from a consciousness of a candid intent; the

Mens sibi conscia recti,

No hesitation is here made to declare the purport of the following Poem.

The end proposed is to celebrate female Beauty, which is the subject of the *first Canto*; but as female beauty is all derived from, and modelled by VENUS, it would have been an act of gross omission, and of the most indelicate impropriety, not to have complimented her on the occasion; and that gave rise to the address conveyed to her goddessship in the invocation.

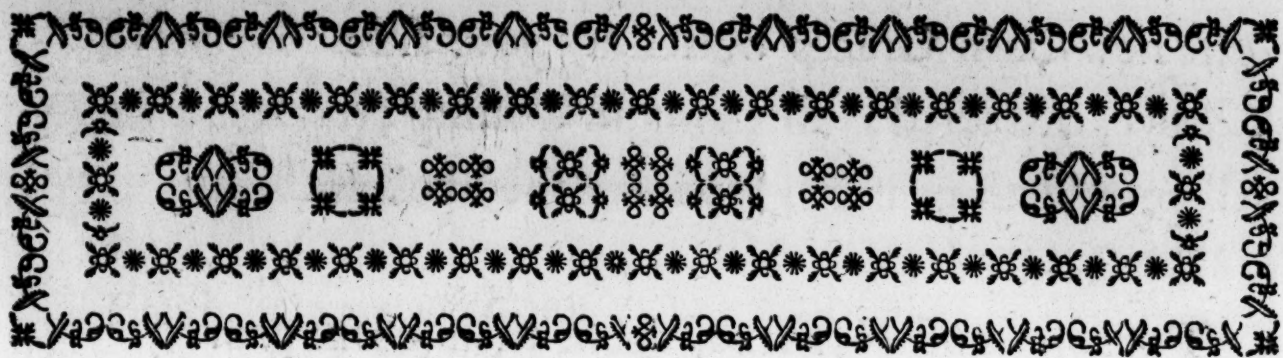
The *second Canto* treating upon matters of a very ticklish nature; and where, in the words of Horace, might be said,

-----incedo per ignes

Suppositos cineri doloso :

Minerva, the goddess of Judgment, suggested to her sister, the goddess of *Invention*, to have recourse to poetical machinery, the intervention of the gods and goddesses, that the senate might not be offended, or take umbrage in the least.

But the drift of the Poem will be best conceived by a perusal of the whole;---and to peruse the whole being the best advise which can now be given to the curious, nothing more need be said.



INVOCATION.

O thee, O VENUS, daughter of the Sea,
 These votive lines, th' effusion of my heart,
 Enraptur'd I indite;---accept my lays;
 They sing to thee. I sing thy orient charms
 When first emerging from the foamy deep
 Thy dawning beauty shed new day abroad.
 Blue NEPTUNE smil'd, and AMPHITRITE leer'd,
 Half-pleas'd, half-jealous, at the lovely sight ^a.

The

^a Mr. POPE, in commenting whose works I have enjoyed much intellectual pleasure, insinuates, in an admirable poem, that all our passions spring from Heaven, and its immortal inhabitants; as for instance,

"AMBITION sprang first from the *blest* abodes,
 "The *glorious* fault of *Angels* and of *Gods*."

The new-born Graces wafted by your side
 All eyes attracted; all enamour'd hung;
 All prais'd the various wonders they beheld.

TRITONS and NEREIDS, from their coral groves,
 Exulting rose, to hail thy infant glories;
 And with their shells proclaim thy early triumph.

Bland ZEPHYRS, breathing round ambrosial sweets,
 Embalm the air, while gently you advance
 Thro' waves unwilling, that would fain retard
 Your progress, still the longer to possess you.

So his ingenious imitator, in this elegant piece before us, intimates, that *Jealousy*, the tyrannizing passion of the Fair Sex, as *Ambition* is that of the Male, sprang from the goddesses, the celestial females-----See moreover, in sundry parts of the *Aeneid*, what Virgil says of *Juno*, the wife, queen, and termagant bedfellow of his thunder-darting godship *Jupiter*. Here, while blue-bearded NEPTUNE (notwithstanding his gravity, as indeed is often the case with the most sober of mortal seniors) casts on young *Venus* a look of indulgence; *Amphitrite*, a very well behaved and discreet gentlewoman for a goddess, was not able to conceal her symptoms of conjugal jealousy, although she could not, at the same time, help being pleased at the sight of so much beauty. Why then, in the name of common charity, ought modern Christian wives (such good creatures in general) be blamed for acting like their heavenly models, in similar circumstances?---N. B. No judicious reader, it is humbly hoped, will think this remark either tedious, prolix, or too far fetched.

More

More brilliant shone the lofty azure vault,
With purer rays to decorate the scene;
Your placid features cheer'd th' expecting shore.

Earth bounds with joy at thy enliv'ning touch,
And gratulation glows thro' ev'ry part.
Each plain is instant crown'd with springing flowers
Streak'd with a gay variety of colours!
Cloud-kissing hills display a vivid bloom!
Wood, copse, and grove, are with a livelier green
New-mantled! while the tuneful birds around
With jocund notes salute your wish'd approach^b!--

Bliss-giving goddess! you to all impart
(All who have eyes to see, and hearts to feel)
Fond thoughts, with tender sensibility,
And kind returns reciprocating love,
Yields timeous, in the dear, dear critic minute^c!

While

^b All this truly poetical description of the joyous sensations of nature at the approach of *Venus* the goddess of Beauty, whether called by the name of *Cytherea*, or *Erycina*, &c. is a striking proof of our author's being no stranger to such of the Greek and Latin bards as have written either professedly on the subject, or on any other relative to it.

^c I own I have not been a little puzzled as to the enforcing of the sense here, and have never been able to make myself a competent master of the
critical

While from those choicer rills with spirits fraught,
 The balmy streams in tide voluptuous flow----
 A calm succeeds to the delicious strife,
 And all subsides in amity and peace.

These are thy rites, O fairest of the fair !
 Goddess supreme in beauty and in charms,
 Whether, in am'rous folds, the God of War,
 Tremendous MARS, acknowledgeth thy sway,
 Or others of thy heav'nly paramours ;
 Or fancy-struck to have a mortal spark,
 Thou claspest in thy arms some fav'rite youth,
 TROY's fam'd Anchises, or much prais'd ADONIS,
 With many more too num'rous to recount^d,
 In prose, or rhyme, or e'en in plain blank verse^e.

Blank

critical minute. The author, I am induced to think, has made use of *critic* here, only for the metre-sake, and has no latent meaning couched under it.

^d This is an instance of the *serpit bumi*, or simple versification of many a modern bard, who never soars to the florid or the sublime in expression. Besides, it is a very pretty excusatory manner to get off from entering into a detail of what he at the same time very artfully hints himself to be thoroughly acquainted with. I take upon me to assert, *meo periculo*, that our author knows, at his finger's end, all the feats of gallantry that ever passed between the heathen gods, goddesses, or mortal interlopers, &c.

^e This distinction of blank verse, from either rhyme, or prose, is very accurate and true. It were to be wished, that so penetrating and sagacious

an

Blank verse, nor prose, nor rhyme, but both betwixt,
 Blank verse each tragic bard is glad to use,
 From *misnamed* Malloch to the pensioned HOME:
 Who likes not BAVI, now can MÆVI chuse^f,
 HOME the deserter of a *Scottish Kirk*,
 MALLOCH the flogger of a northern school^g;
 Then scorned by boys as now by sense and taste:
 MALLOCH and HOME, are the delight of BUTE^h!
 Two frigid bards as ever chill'd the stage!
 Dramatic laurels bloom not in the North!

an author would settle the long disputed point, whether mankind spoke and wrote first in blank verse, rhyme, or prose. This is a great *desideratum* in the republick of letters.

^f The celebrated line of *Virgil*

“*Qui BAVIUM non odit amet tua carmina MÆVI.*”

Is very properly applied here indeed; and the omission of the terminating *us*, in the Nominative of each name, shews the delicacy of the author's ear to avoid an unnecessary hissing.

^g He long executed, at *Edinburgh-school*, the honourable post of *Janitor*, and *Posteri-o-rum Flagell-a-tor*.

^h Never were notes of admiration so justly affixed-----

D.

CANTO



CANTO I.

BUT to our purpose, INVOCATION---stop!ⁱ

Now recollect the theme I meant to write on,
My ever faithful and obedient muse^k.

O it is Woman! lovely! beauteous Woman!^l
Say, what is Woman? what? what is she not?
Life of this world! the cordial of existence!
The grot of bliss! the alcove of delight!

ⁱ *Pegasus* is the allegorical horse of the poets. (who indeed seldom have any other) The bad poets always ride an irregular one, apt to plunge, and that is, under no command; but our author's appeareth to be a well managed one, and obeys his rider at the first word, nay, a monosyllable too, —*Stop*.

^k As it is common with most poets to forget the subject they set out upon, so is it here our author's case; who, following the example of his predecessors, calls upon the muse to recall it to his mind, either by twitching his ear, or giving him a fillip on the nose.

^l Nothing can be more natural, or methodical, than the manner in which our author recovers his subject.

Behold

Behold her form, how exquisitely neat,
 She's more than human; workmanship divine!
 Where every god, and every goddess too,
 Have emulous display'd their rival pow'rs,
 T' excel each other in the great performance;
 And give mankind true cause for adoration.

Were not sweet woman to adorn the world,
 The joyless earth would prove a desert wild,
 And be what *Scotland* is to *English* eyes^m.
 No temples, altars, shrines, would then be rais'd
 For man to pay due homage to the sky
 In grateful tribute for the boon receiv'd
 In the lov'd form of Female excellence;
 Not only meant for the delight of men,
 But ev'n, sometimes, to be a feast for Gods!

Thus oft we read, in old poetic story,
 How Jove, descending from the starry sphere,
 Slily eloping from dame JUNO's ken,
 (A very wife, chief vixen of the sky

^m We are to understand here, a certain place which English folks are not desirous of seeing.

Who knew not railery when she lost her due)ⁿ
 Jove oft, I say, would steal down upon earth,
 To have a luscious smack on mortal lips,
 As the OVIDIAN *Metamorphics* tell^o.

How shap'd is Woman, that can yield such transport
 To mortal touch, and to immortal feeling^p?

Affist me, Gods, the charmer to pourtray---^q
 Some from the Head, some from the Foot begin;
 From either end my picture I'll pursue:
 And none so fine has painting ever drawn.

ⁿ We have already given a sufficient intimation of *Juno's* character, as the archetype of jealous and grumbling spouses, in our first note.

^o *Metamorphics* is here a designed abbreviation of *Metamorphoses*. *Euphoniæ Gratiâ*, and falls under the new rhetorical figure called *Procrusteia*; according to which, we are impowered to eke out, or to contract words, as expediency requires.

^p This is a very pertinent question, well timed, and was very natural to be made by a curious reader:

^q Our author's prudence, modesty, and self-diffidence, here, cannot be too much admired---Instead of taking upon himself, as some presuming coxcombs would, to give an immediate answer to a question of such high importance, he declines it; and, by an apostrophe to the immortal Gods, manifests to the world an edifying proof of his own inability, and a proper sense of his being inadequate to so great and glorious a task. I wish the writers of the present times would imitate so praise-worthy a conduct.

The hairy honours of the well form'd head,
 Ting'd black, or auburn, or a sprightly brown,
 In waving ringlets flow, or loosely play.
 Her forehead is like polish'd marble smooth.
 Beneath the arched brows resplendent shine
 Two dazzling orbs, two suns in miniature ;
 Their separation a symmetric nose.

An upper *thin* lip, and the nether *thick*,
 Both ruddy, both with fragrant dew suffus'd,
 Conceal a double range of iv'ry teeth ;
 Whence words mellifluous, and heart-winning accents,
 Enchant the ear, and captivate the heart.

Soft dimpling cheeks, where struggle red and white,
 Fall gently sloping to a graceful chin.

The turret head is on a column propt,
 Exceeding those from parian marble rais'd ;
 Its wondrous flexures charm a lover's eye'.

But

* The poet had, no doubt, in view the celebrated neck of *Licina*, whose
 easy and bewitching play, whether coily refusing, or wantonly assenting,
Horace hath painted in so masterly a manner :

E

Dum

But a more charming object strikes our view;
 O! the red-rose-tipt globes on her white breast;
 That rise and fall alternate! sweet vicissitude!
 To them a lover's heart beats sympathy,
 His fond soul gazing thro' enraptur'd eyes,
 And ev'ry fibre throbbing for enjoyment;
Essay on Woman instantly to make:
Essay on Woman be this Poem nam'd.

Down o'er the velvet plain, *Abd-o-men* call'd,
 The hand slides, glowing, to the zone of bliss---
 Stop hand, stop muse, nor farther now proceed,
 But, from th' extreme below, resume thy plan.

*Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oscula
 Cervicem; aut facili sevitia negat,
 Quae poscente magis guadeat eripi.
 Interdum rapere occupet.*

* Every body knows where this image is taken from, as expressed in the true *Petronian* style---*niveoli Mammarum orbes flore rubro coronati*---But I chuse not to haul into light concealed lascivious writings, because all the mischief that thence should flow, might be justly imputed to me, as the principal transgressor, much more than to the first giddy and inconsiderate composer.

* The Scotch manner of pronouncing *abdomen* ratifieth this verse.

On foot that's small, not large, she stands erect^u.
 Neat moulded legs shoot upwards to the knee;
 Whence (cones invers'd) the thighs alluring swell^w,
 Plump instruments in amorous debate,
 With pow'rs re-active fraught, when close imping'd^x
 To bound resilient, and give *Quid pro Quo*^y.
 Her twining arms hold fast th' impulsive culprit^z,
 Till ample satisfaction be effus'd
 For the bold inroad; and till fall'n his crest
 Submissive he withdraws, and sins no more^a.

^u Having descended from the head to the grand centre, the author, agreeable to his plan, means to ascend to it from the foot, and does it very quickly, in compliance with *Horace's* rule

Haud secus ac medias rapit in res.

That is, chuck your readers into the middle of your subject as fast as you can.---The singular *Foot* is here used for the plural *feet*; an allowable figure.

^w Here is a proof of the author's knowledge in geometry.

^x The great axiom of *Re-action*, being equal to *action* is prettily introduced.

^y *Quid pro Quo* deserves every encomium, and is a model for the *double-entendre* style.

^z This is a new proof of our author's applying every limb of the female structure to it's proper use.---He makes no mention of the back, because, when the fore-part of a woman's body is beautiful, the back is generally so. except in *Bristol*.---Very judicious, indeed.---

^a Much might be said on the three last lines; but I resign over to Scotch commentators to purloin any meaning they can from them, by the unfair and fraudulent agency of their countrymen, to creep into the study of others, and thence filch away papers, which were always to remain a secret from the publick.

C A N T O II.

THUS far, O Goddess-Muse, whate'er thy name,
CLIO, THALIA, blithe TERPSICHORE,
(Or the six others ev'ry school-boy knows)
That hast inspir'd me with poetic lays
To sing the beauties of the female form ;
O still let thy *Afflation* warm my mind,
To tell the wayward fate of it's admirer.

Where last we halted is a mysttick ring,
As oft the source of evil as of good ;
Evil ne'er flows but thro' the vice of others,
As the dire sack of TROY, old PRIAM's Fall^b.

^b Thus the Latin bard emphatically says,

-----CUNNUS *teterrima Belli*

Causa fuit.

The author might have quoted many instances ; but through fear, no doubt,
of taking up too much time, and paper.

'Tis

'Tis a fond pouting puss, means good to all;
And thereby hangs----no----oft'ner springs a tail.

In days of yore, when Gotham's pow'rful state
Was rul'd by one supreme to senate join'd,
There liv'd a gallant, bold, intrepid wight,
Whom goddess Liberty adopted her's,
Tho' pow'rful Faction labour'd to undo him;
Because fair Freedom's voluntary champion,
Unbrib'd, unpension'd, he stept forth, the cause
Of ev'ry true born subject to maintain;
Invidious task to worthless men in place.
Who, when their first plea fail'd, suborn'd a crime,
Thro' means of Brib'ry, Theft, and shameful arts,
T' oppress poor *Florio*; *Florio* was his name----

Now guess the mighty charge they brought against him;
He had a poem, ay, a bawdy book;
Nay, a profane one, left him by a friend,

It's

^c In several of the antient idolatrous nations (as well as among the antient *Gothamites*) to preserve the legacies of a friend (whatever their nature) as a sacred and inviolable deposit, was looked upon as a religious duty; and he that should rob thereof the possessor of any such friendly commemoration, was by the laws (upon conviction) sentenced to be stoned to death, as a

It's merry theme, sweet *Tuzzi* of the Vale!
Tuzzi, the joy of ev'ry shepherd's heart!
Tuzzi, that fires the young, and warms the old!
Tuzzi, the prologue both of Gods and Men^d.

"Can grave ones," cried the gen'ral voice, "act thus,
 "Thus force to light what *Florio* kept conceal'd?
 "The spreading crime hereafter must be your's---
 "Granted---'Twere better it had ne'er existed;
 "But since it is, why stamp your *imprimatur*?
 "By making serious object of enquiry
 "A theme for laughter, or for reprimand?"

sacrilegious purloiner; having neither the love of society, nor the fear of immortal Jove before his eyes---For as yet neither housebreaking nor petty larceny was encouraged by legislative authority; for so generous was the way of thinking in those early days, that mankind would scorn to come at truth by base means; a laudable example for posterity!

^d Here the readers may add *Muzzi*, if they please; but whether *Tuzzi*, or *Muzzi*; or both put together: sure never word so justly deserved the rhetorical or poetical honour of repetition. This is a great improvement on *Virgil's* celebrated repetition,

Cui Pharetra ex Auro, crines nodantur in Aurum.
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

But of the two *Fibulas* give me *Tuzzi*!

Thus

Thus spoke the Men; the Women, furious grown,
Exclaim'd, "Ye can't say FLORIO sodomiz'd;
"Some merit, sure, in these degen'rate days".

Then quick each female a thick brush display'd---
"Look here, and smell;---what do ye reverends think?
"Sir-Rev'rence sure could never please like this;
"Nor the vile door thro' which it is expell'd.
"Perdition seize on all who that way steer,
"Plebeians, Nobles;----Yet some knaves we know
"Who worship A, and startle at a C.

Here ceas'd the Women; choak'd with indignation---
The men resum'd as warm; but not so loud.

"All your Adult'ries, Whoredoms, Crimes conceal'd,
"Shall be shewn reeking to the Publick's eye,
"The Publick's candid eye---then stand the test,
"Ye who'd fain play the parts of modest men;
"Nor b'lieve in JOVE, to whom ye worship pay.
"Your lives are Ulcers in the moral world^e."

^e A man guilty of every other, so he keeps clear of this crime, is sure of mercy and compassion from the women—kind-hearted, tender beings!

^f And no wonder at the mortifying reflection on the wrongs they suffer by such unnatural proceedings—The *Water-mills* against the *Wind-mills* for ever; and a fart for the *a posteriori* men.

^g It has been often; and very wisely observed, that men whose houses are made of glass, ought not to be the first to throw stones.

In vain was their remonstrance, FLORIO's doom
Was fix'd; the forr' wing people wept his fate :^h
And since no hope from Man, all turn'd their eyes to Heav'n!

Olympus opens, all the Gods appear^k
In council met---To th' heav'nly synod strait
MOMUS relates the contest---Smiles ensue;
ASTREA titters; VENUS laughs aloud;
But MERCURY can scarce hold in his sides,
And midst convulsive fits, thus speaks his mind:

“ Can those who would be Senators esteem'd,
Stray from the main point, and spend time in trifles ?

^h How is it possible to bring over great folks to espouse the cause of an unhappy man, whom they are, at all events, predetermined to think in the wrong

ⁱ The last resource, when earthly power will not hear us, is to apply to Heaven.

^k The heavenly scene introduced here is in the true Epic taste, as practised by *Virgil* and others,

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi.

The particular choice of Gods is masterly, 1°, *Momus*, because the occasion was ridiculous. 2°, *Astrea*, the goddess of Justice, tittering at what was below the dignity of her cognizance. 3°, *Venus* laughs, with the greatest propriety, that dignified folks should make such a fuss about ----, and what the Greeks call Μητηρ των Θεων, και των ανθρωπων. 4°, *Mercury*; because no other deity could be so thoroughly affected with the absurdity, as *Mercury*, who presides over senates, eloquence, wit, and most of the mental endowments.

When

"When proud Oppression stares men in the face,
 "And Liberty's at stake, to form cabals,
 "And join in close debate upon a ----!
 "Claim such, O GOTHAM! they are justly thine:
 "Old, bearded babes, male prudes in solemn robes;
 "Blush, blush for shame, leave Procreants alone."

JOVE with disdain look'd down upon such tools',
 And gave them up to *Mercury's* disposal;
 A whor-son wag, although of heav'nly get,
 As ever liv'd in mortal shape: was proud
 Of the command; he nothing loves so much
 As precious mischief, wanton tricks to play:
 Wherefore, t' avenge an injur'd fav'rite's cause,
 He wing'd his shoulder, and he wing'd his heel^m.
 Eftsoons precipitant to Gotham's senate
 He flew; there gaz'd on the grave masks of dullness:
 Thrice wav'd his wand, and thrice the seniors felt

¹ He may allegorically be called the *Festina lentè*, the old respectable ON-SLOW of Heaven; and he justly assigns over to Ridicule so burlesque a subject.

^m In strictness, *Heel* should have been put before *Shoulder*, but then the verse would not run so well; for thus VIRGIL makes Mercury proceed on such an occasion:

primum Pedibus Talaria neſcit.

(The cause unknown, invisible the God)
 An instantaneous twinge in ev'ry groin,
 Like an electric stroke in breast or arm.

While th' oafs stand anxious by the sudden cramp,
 Off fall their Visⁿ, to all gape Cons in lieu---^o
 What shuffling, waddling, shambling in their gait,
 For Bungs, for Plugs, for Sponges, all cry out,
 To fill the new made void; their steps to ballast:
 And be more steady in their *walk*, than *principles*.

Tho' odd the change, 'twas strict poetic justice---^p
 That our intention may not be mista'en,
 In songs immortal let us keep alive
 The ever-frolick rev'ries of Humbug---^q

ⁿ Deplorable defalcation!

^o Astonishing vacuity!

^p To be punished in the very district about which they erroneously exposed themselves.

^q The last lines of this stanza seem, to me, to be written in an indirect imitation of that very remarkable line near the end of the sixth Æneid,

Prosequitur dictis, portâque emittit eburnâ.



E P I
C
C
O
G
U
E

CONCLUSION.

HAVING now sung, or said, all I propos'd,
 'Tis, with your leave, O chaste and *Thespian* maids,
 (And in the reader's sense full well I ween)
 Time to per-o-rate, and conclude my song';
 Per-o-rate, word of *Scottish* predilection,
 But harshly sounds to a nice *English* ear'.

* There is no greater proof of an author's judgment, than to know when to leave off, and the proper time of stopping; by that he avoids the snarling critic's objection, *ne quid nimis*; which may be translated into this familiar English phrase, "Enough is as good as a feast."

* Thus the Reading-Master SHERIDAN's voice, which grated a stridulous horror on *English* ears, was drunk in as harmonious melody, by the *Scottish* Lugs of patronizing BUTE and his adherents.

E P I-

EPILOGUE.

CONCLUSION.
THUS sang Wanlovius; thus Grenoble's Bishop,
With learned Notes, elucidates the Song.

* *Julio Wanlovi, Senator of Lucca.*

" A prelate notorious in France for his friendship to the Jesuits, and some very sanguine letters written in their behalf."

(And in the reader's taste full well I would)

Time to per-o-rate, and conclude my song;

Per-o-rate, word of Scotch's predilection,

But hardly sounds to a nice English ear.

THE END.

There is no greater proof of a man's judgment, than to know when to leave off, and the proper time of stopping; by that he avoids the fault of critic's objection, as only what which may be translated into this familiar English phrase, "Enough is as good as a feast." Thus the Reading-Master Sheridan's voice, which started a shiver of horror on English ears, was divine in as harmonious melody, by the happy eye of painting, Bata and his adherents.